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MAJESTAS Imperij Britannici.

THE

GLORIES OF GREAT BRITAIN

Celebrated in

LATIN POEMS

By Mr. *MAIDWELL.*

PARAPHRAS'D in ENGLISH

BY

Mr. *TATE* Poet-Laureat to Her MAJESTY.

Part I.

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1706.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES

Earl of Carlile.

POets have always reckon'd it, next their Tribute to the Temple, and Hymns of Divine Praiſe, the Greateſt Branch of Their Charter, to Celebrate the Worthies of their Time and Country. 'Tis therefore No Wonder if in ſo Glorious a Reign, as No Hiſtory can Parallel, I thought it the Duty of my Poſt, to promote the Profound Reſpect due to our Incomparable Court, and State, by my Own Endeavours, or any other Aſſiſtance.

Wherefore I cannot diſſemble My Great Satisfaction and Unuſual Surpriſe, in the Accidental Sight of the Following Originals, which I lookt upon as a Treaſure, and the Hoarding of Them a Wrong to the Public, Therefore beg'd Leave to Print Them.

The Preſent will not be the Leſs Acceptable to Your Lordſhip, when I tell you they were Mr. *Maidwell*'s Private Sentiments and Diverſions; Whoſe Learning, Ingenuity, and other Merits are not unknown to Your Lordſhip, and the Signal Services He has done his Country in the Happy Education of many Perſons of Quality, very Eminent in both Houſes of Parliament. But he has Reaſon to Glory in Nothing more, than in the Honor He had, of being Serviceable to Your Lordſhip in that Capacity.

I my ſelf have had the Happineſs of an Early Acquaintance with *Horace*, and the Lord *Roſcommon*, and thus Privileg'd to take Cognizance, that my Author, in His Pindaric upon the QUEEN, has, beſides the *Horatij Curioſa Fœlicitas*, Entertain'd Us with All the Variety of *Horatian* Meaſures, the Few Unmuſical Excepted, and Theſe again Moſt Agreeably Vary'd in an Artificial Diſpoſal, with other Graces, not Only in This Poem, but the Two Following, and the Reſt not yet Publiſh'd, which I hope to Obtain.

He has ſhown True Maſtery in the Point of Greateſt Importance to Poetry, yet the leaſt Practis'd amongſt

amongſt Us, which is a Proper, and Surpriſing Deſign, Whereby the ſhorteſt Effort becomes a Poem, and the Longeſt, without It, but a Paper of Verſes. Yet at This Time, to point out the Particular Beauties, is to forget, that I am putting Them into My Lord *Carliles* Hand.

My Lord, As to my Part in This Undertaking, Your Lordſhip will Obſerve, that in what I call Paraphraſe, I had Such a Veneration for the Expoſition of my Text, as to think the *Ovidian* Reſemblance——— *Qualem decet eſſe Sororum*----- Not ſufficient in This Caſe.

So that I am now Accountable Only to Your Lordſhip, for Surpriſing You with a Dedication. And for my Apology muſt again have Recourſe to my Worthy Friend Mr. *Maidwell*, who, after my gaining His Conſent, Advis'd This Addreſs; which, together with Particular Inclination, I took to be a Debt of Duty, having had the Favor of being Many Years under the Patronage of the Lord *Carlile*, Your Lordſhip's Ever Honor'd Father.

I am not unacquainted with the Practice of Dedicators, and Expectation of Readers on theſe Occaſions, Yet conſidering that I am in Your Lordſhips Preſence, I am the more Cautious of Offending that Modeſty, and Noble Reſervedneſs, which was One of Thoſe Many Tranſcendant Qualitys, that were ſo Deſervedly diſtinguiſh'd

guiſh'd, and Eſteem'd in your Lordſhip, by Our Late Moſt Sagacious, and Glorious Monarch.

Nor can I conceal the General Satisfaction at Your Lordſhips Appearance again in the Sphere of State Affairs, and Particularly in the Auſpicious Conſtellation now aſſembled for ſo Publick a Benefit as the Union betwixt *England* and *Scotland*, to complete the mutual Proſperity of both Nations.

Wherefore I take leave to Mention Your Lordſhip amongſt Our Beſt Patriots, being with all Sincerity,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhips Moſt Obedient

and Moſt Humble Servant

N. Tate.

VOTA BRITANNIÆ

PRO SALUTE

Sereniſſimæ Reginæ,

Carmine Pindarico,

NUNCUPATA.

QUam bene Pindaricas optarem in Carmine Vires,
Qualiter Ille Deos cecinit, Sobolemq; Deorum,
Et Verſu centum Signis potiore coronat.

At Teſtudinis Aureæ
Dircæos Alijs Muſa negat Sonos,
Nec Sublimis habet Pindarus Æmulum.
Inde ſupplebit Pietas Poeſin,
Et Theſis Sacros renovat Furores,
Dum Vices Regina Novem Dearum
Præſtitit Una.

O Vati faveas Optima Principum!
Nec Cultorem deſpice Veſtrum,
Quanquam ardet Calamo minore Laudes
Moliri, *ANNA*, Tuas. Quis enim ſperaverit Audax
Virtutum Seriem Infandam concludere Verbis,
Aut Dotes numeris Innumerabiles?

Te, Diva Præſens, Fauſta Britannia
Æternum venerabitur,
Et Prece Perpetua fatetur
Nil Tale Ortum, Nil Oriturum,
Fata dediſſe Sibi,
Nec, ſi reverteretur Ætas Aurea,
Par redditura Poſteris.

Singula Tu junctim Proavorum Commoda donas,
Et Bona Tot Regum Purificata refers.
Inferior Regum langueſcit Fama Priorum,
Ut Phœbi obruitur lumine Stella minor.

Hinc

Hinc Prægrandis conſcia Sortis,
Nec non Futuræ Patria provida,
Non Opes Votis petit, aut Trophæa,
Non Novas Victæ Regionis Oras,
Non Maris Occidui Triumphos,
Quos fruſtra *Herculeæ* vetant Columnæ;
Sed Deſideriis mota Fidelibus,
UNUM, quod Omnem affert Beatitudinem,
Oravit Omnino Deum.
Ut Princeps Dilecta Deo, Dilecta Britannis,
Quam Dominam eligeret Natio Quæq; Suam,
Fælices Populos Diu gubernet.

Ut Regina Superſit.
Quæ Juſta, Prudens, Propoſiti Tenax,
Res curat Humanas, Vicemq; gerit Dei.
Quæ fovet Pacem, Socioſq; ſervat,
Quæ Manu Sævum ſubigit Tyrannum,
Et malis, *Europa*, tuis medetur,
Publica Fautrix.

O Vivas, Valeasque, Tuorum
ANNA Salus. In Te floret Cuſtodia Legum,
In Te Relligio viget, & Dulciſſima ſurgit
Libertas. Redeas Cognata ad Sidera Tardo
Progreſſu. Hoc Precibus Gentes ferventibus urgent.

Te Vivente, Valebimus Omnes,
Teq; Abeunte——Futura ſilebo.

BRITA-

Britannia's Prayer

FOR THE

QUEEN,

&c.

HOW juſtly now might I aſpire
To Mighty *Pindar*'s Force and Fire,
When Gods and God-like Kings He did rehearſe,
And Crown'd Them with Immortal Verſe
Worth all their Statues, by the skilfull'ſt Hand,
That only could for ſhort-liv'd Ages ſtand.

But the Poſſeſſion of the Golden Lyre,
Where All the Charms of Harmony Conſpire,
The Muſe to *Pindar* did confine:
Pindar Alone ſhe does permit
In Wits ſublimeſt Orb to ſit,
And, like the Sun, without a Rival ſhine.

Zeal therefore ſhall perform the Muſe's Part,
And Poetry's Deficiencies Supply;
Zeal, that ſhall vie with Art,
And mount the Song as High.

Beſides, my Theme, ſo Charming, ſo Divine!
Without a Muſe, ſhall raiſe Poetick Fire;
A QUEEN, that can, beyond a Muſe, inſpire,
A QUEEN more Sacred than the NINE.

O Beſt of Sov'raigns! from your lofty Sphere,
Vouchſafe your Trembling Bard to Chear;
Vouchſafe your Votary to hear, Who

Who in ſincere, tho' ſlender, Layes,
Attempts the Triumphs of your Praiſe,
And to Attempt is All———

For what Raſh Mortal will pretend
In Words to comprehend,
Virtues, where Speech no Aid affords?
Graces, beyond the Narrow Bounds of Words;
Or Number Royal Gifts that Number's Pow'r Tranſcend.

To You (Her Sacred Guardian Here)
Happy *BRITANNIA* ever will Addreſs,
And, with repeated Vows Confeſs
That, in Her Sov'raign Sphere
Your Æqual never Roſe, nor ſhall hereafter Riſe.
The Beſt and Greateſt Prize
That Fate e'er gave, or ever ſhall beſtow;
And, yet for ought We Mortals know,
Another Golden Seaſon may be ſeen,
A Second Golden Age, but never ſuch a QUEEN.

A QUEEN! Whom all United Vertues Crown,
That, ſingly, gave Her Anceſtors Renown:
She does Their Precious Ore Ingroſs,
Without the leaſt Remains of Droſs,
So Sublimated, ſo Refin'd,
That now Thoſe Sons of Light
So glorious in their Night,
Languiſh like Stars by the Sun's Beams Outſhin'd.

Amidſt theſe Triumphs of Her State,
Advanc'd to ſuch a Dang'rous Height,
And Jealous of Her Future Fate,
POSTERITY is now *BRITANNIA*'s Care;
For Them She Prays-----What therefore is Her Pray'r?
Not for Increaſe of Wealth, More *Blenheim*-Spoils;
More Trophies of Her Hero's Toils,
To hear Her Naval Thunder Roar,
Alarming all th' *Atlantic* Shore;

Great

Great *ANNA* There New Garlands win;
New Conqueſts there begin,
Where *Hercules* gave O'er.

Succeſsfully for Theſe She has addreſt,
But Sums her Wiſhes now in ONE Requeſt,
And does for That with utmoſt Ardour Call,
The mighty Bleſſing That includes them All.
That ſuch a Princeſs, ſo Belov'd
By Heav'n, by *Britain*, and by All Approv'd,
Whom every Nation wiſh their Own,
To Bleſs Her People Long may long Poſſeſs Her Throne.

Long may my QUEEN ſurvive, to be
By Juſtice, Prudence, Conſtancy,
The True Vicegerent of the Deity;
To Cheriſh Peace, Support Allies,
And Haughty Tyrants to chaſtiſe,
The Griefs of *Europe* to Redreſs;
The UNIVERSAL PATRONESS.

Live *ANNA*! for the Publick Welfare Live;
And Live to ſhare the Bleſſings that You give;
In Your Protection Safe our Law remains,
Sweet LIBERTY, with You, Her Ancient Rights regains,
With You RELIGION's Crown'd, with You RELIGION
(Reigns.

Then, ſince Aſſur'd, when-e'er You go,
Of Everlaſting Welcome There,
May Your Return to Native Skies be Slow;
This is the Gen'ral Pray'r.
While You Remain, Our World is Bleſt;
When You Remove----- I leave the Reſt
To be in Sighs Expreſt.

Lares

Lares Ædium,

Quas Magni Sigilli Cuſtos habitaverat,
Fælicem Gratulantur Adventum
Suo Novo Domino, Illuſtriſſimo
NOVI CASTRI DUCI,
Privati Sigilli Cuſtodi Digniſſimo, &c.

ILluſtrem Dominum cum Conſpexere Penates,
Feſtivo Celebrant Talia Dicta Sono.

Qualiter Angliacum Vultu demonſtrat Honorem!
Unde Animi Ingentis Munera Forma docet.
Ex Oculis Probitas, Prudentia prodit ab Ore,
Et Geſtu in Toto Publicus extat Amor.
Hinc, ubi præ Foribus ſplendeſcit Pompa Clientum,
Virtutem Dominam Quis negat eſſe Domi?

O Fœlix Sors Noſtra! Olim Hic, ſub Judice, Leges
Vexabant Tardi Jurgia Rauca Fori.
Ex Meritis cedunt Majora Sigilla Minori,
Quippe locum ſupplet Judicis Ipſa *Themis*.
Cauſidici valeant Numeroſi, Ædeſq; frequentet
Jam Legatorum, Nobiliumq; Cohors.
Quæſitum Huc veniunt Dubijs Reſponſa Futuris,
Tanquam habitet *Delphos* Alter APOLLO Novos.
Noſter enim Cuſtos Tutatur Regna, levatq;
Conſilijs Curas, ANNA Beata, Tuas.
Ille ANNÆ & Populi Curator Publicus, Æquum
Ponderat, & Columen Relligionis erit.
Ille, Memor Generis, Sacro de Fonte Parentum,
Conſpicuas Duplici Flumine volvit Aquas.

Tres *Paridi*, Dono *Trojam* Qui Perdidit Uno,
Propoſuiſse ferunt Singula Dona Deas.
At Tu, quo Patriam Serves, Moderamine Cœli,
Princeps Magne, Trium Præmia Tutus habes.

THE

The LARES Congratulate the Illuſtrious

Duke of Newcaſtle,

LORD PRIVY-SEAL, &c.

Upon his Grace's Coming to his New Houſe *in* Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

WHen, after long Expecting Hours,
The Stately Fabrick's *Tutelary* Powr's
Their New Approaching Lord Survey'd,
They Bleſt th' Auſpicious Sight,
And, Fir'd with Wonder and Delight,
Thus, in Congratulating Rapture, ſaid----

O what an Aſpect! that diſplays
Of Engliſh Honour Thoſe Reviving Rays,
That in illuſtrious Former Days,
Thro' *Britain*'s Orb did ſhine,
And made the Larger Rival World Repine! Nor

Nor Ends the Pleaſing Wonder Here;
Thoſe Splendid Graces, that to View Appear,
For Patterns Only were Deſign'd,
And ſhining Emblems of a More Accompliſh'd MIND.

Worth, Honeſty, and Truth that Scorns Diſguiſe,
With Genuine Glory Sparkle in his Eyes;
His Words like Oracles Surprize;
For, While with free and eaſie Grace They fall,
Diſcretion ſits at Helm, to Steer and Govern All.

See! how His Frame, His Mien, and Geſtures bear
That Courteous Gen'rous Open Air,
As Speak a Public SPIRIT, far Above
The Petty Slender Sphere of Partial Love!

When Therefore a Retinue ſo Compleat
Appear in ſhining Pomp Without,
O who can Entertain a Doubt
That VIRTUE There Reſides, and Lady of the Seat.

How Bleſt Our Lot! How ſweet a Change We boaſt!
Where the Hoarſe Pleadings of a Tedious Cauſe
Plagu'd Us, Our Judge, and Laws;
The Noiſe, but not the Patron, we have loſt;
We find the Leſs is now the Greater Seal,
Since Juſtice Self's the Judge to Whom we may Appeal.

Then bid the Num'rous Brothers of the Bar
For Nobler Viſitants make Room,
Concern'd in weightier Cauſes far,
No leſs than *EUROPE*'s Doubtful Doom.
Who, when to this Oracular Manſion Come,
Confeſs a New *Apollo* Here to Dwell,
And the New *Delphos* Here, the Famous Firſt excel:

We are from meaner Offices Diſcharg'd,
Our Noble Keeper's Province is Enlarg'd.
He to Superiour Courts repairs,
And with his Counſil There, in more ſublime Affairs,
Oh *ANNA* Truly Bleſt! Relieves the Royal Cares

And, as Employ'd in Common Truſt,
To Sov'raign and to Subjects None more Juſt;
Their Rights He does in Æqual Ballance Weigh;
Unfeign'd Religion's Friend, Her firm Support and Stay.

Still Mindful of the Sacred Springs
Whence he derives his Noble Blood,
He freſh Supplies of Merit brings,
And by New Honours Swells Their Stream into a Flood.

On *Ida*'s famous Mount
Three Gifts, and Each of vaſt Account,
By Three Bright Goddeſſes were brought,
Brought to a Princely Swain who could but One Enjoy,
And Ruin'd with that One his Native *Troy*.
All Three to our great Prince's Lot did fall,
By more Celeſtial Conduct Taught
To manage ſuch Choice Preſents as he Ought,
And in His Country's Service Uſe them All.

Vati-

Vaticinium Pacis.

Quæ cito Confirmabitur, ſub Auſpicijs

ILLUSTRISSIMI

DUCIS MARLBURGENSIS, &c.

QUatuor EUROPÆ Gratiſſima Flumina Cœlo,
Exorant Miſeris Rebus adeſſe JOVEM.
Ut PAX Alma iterum Ripas ſoletur, & Urnas,
Sanguine nec Nitidas polluat Hoſtis Aquas.
JUPITER hinc Placidis affatur PALLADA Dictis,
EUROPÆ Veteri tactus Amore ſuæ.

Jam, Mea Nata, brevi Curſu Tuus Anglicus Heros,
Conſtituet Socijs Fœdera Læta ſuis.
Ille, Tibi Similis, Vincit Cerebroq; Manuq;
Tanquam eſſet Cerebro Natus & Ille Meo,

Vin-

Vindicat Ille *Tagum*, *Rhenumq*; *Padumq*;, per Illum
Danubij Precibus Præmia Digna dabo.
Dejicitur Subito *Salmoneus Gallicus* Ictu,
Et perit Ætherei Simius Iſte JOVIS.
Aſſiciet Dux Ille Tuus *Salmonea* Pœnis,
Defendetq; Aquilam fortiter Ille Meam.
Verum Illi Fulgur commiſi, & Fulmina Vera,
Ut peragat Dominæ Juſſa Verenda Piæ.

ANNA Eadem Semper, munitum Legibus Æquis
Imperium Exemplo Nobiliore beat.
Regibus & Major ſuſtentat Fœmina Reges,
Conſilijs, Armis, Divitijsq; ſuis.
Præficit Illa Illum, ut Clypeo tueatur Amicos,
Ut ſtricto Hoſtiles Fulminet Enſe Minas.

Sic, licet in Cœlis, PALLAS, Tu Nata, voceris,
In Terris, *ANNÆ* Nomine Major eris.

A PROPHESY of PEACE,

To be ſpeedily Ratified by the

Auſpicious Conduct of the moſt Illuſtrious

D. of Marlborough.

FOur Noble Rivers, *EUROPE*'s Pride,
To Her and to the Stars Aſſy'd,
Their Favourits Once but now Diſtreſs'd,
In joint Complaints to *JOVE* apply'd;
That PEACE their long Abſenting Gueſt
With Bleſſings on Her Balmy Wings
Their Banks loſt Beauties would reſtore,
New Conſecrate their Springs
Profan'd with Human Gore.
Touch'd with a Tender Senſe of their hard Fate,
And ſweet Remembrance of his Former Flame
For Fair *EUROPA*, their Imperial Dame,

The Thund'rer, from his Chair of State,
To *PALLAS* thus his Gracious Speech Addreſt,
The Reſolution of his Labouring Breaſt.

DAUGHTER the Time draws on, the Seaſon's near
When this Long War ſhall Ceaſe;
When Your Illuſtrious Engliſh Cheif
In his Meridian ſhall Appear
To give Afflicted Realms Relief;
And Fix a Glorious Laſting Peace.
For Both Your Provinces of Fame
This Hero nobly does ſuſtain
Like You with freſheſt Wreaths of Conqueſt Crown'd
Nor leſs in Council, than in Field Renown'd;
As He Your Wondrous Birth could Claim
The Second Off-ſpring of my Teeming Brain.
The *Danube*, *Tagus*, *Rhine*, and *Po*,
No longer ſhall Deſpair;
But, Reſcu'd by Your Hero, freely Flow,
And Bleſs the juſt Returns of Pious Pray' r

You've ſeen a New, a French *Salmoneus* Riſe,
To Plague Mankind and to Affront Our Skies;
Such Inſolence for ſpeedy Vengeance calls,
Down, Down ſhall be the Proud Aſpirer Hurl'd,
The Counterfeit of *JOVE*, and Troubler of the World.
Soon ſhall He fall-----Even NOW He Falls.
Your Hero This *Salmoneus* ſhall chaſtiſe,
And my Imperial Eagle Guard;
With my True Bolts, committed to his Hands,
To Tyrants He ſhall give their due Reward,
And Execute, with juſt Revenge, a Pious QUEEN's Com-
(mands.

O *ANNA*, Sacred Name!
O Queen of Early Fame,
And Evermore the Same.

Thrice Happy Realm, with thy Juſt Laws Renown'd,
Thrice Honour'd Laws with thy Example Crown'd.
The World ſhall Reverence now a Female Reign,
Which Such Superior Triumphs can Maintain;

When Such Amazing Glories may be ſeen,
Great Kings Retainers to a Greater QUEEN;
Even *Europe*'s Empire, Weaken'd, and Oppreſt,
By *ANNA*'s Counſils, Arms, and Gen'rous Wealth Redreſt.

O who of Common Safety can deſpair,
When Common Safety is our *ANNA*'s Care!
When Such a General is Her Royal Choice,
Confirm'd with *Europe*'s loud Conſenting Voice;
In Every Exigence of State
To be Her Sheild, to interpoſe
Between Her Friends, and Fate,
To be Her dazling Sword, to Lighten on Her Foes.

Thus Daughter, You to Double Honor riſe,
PALLAS, by Us Celeſtials, call'd
PALLAS the Glory of the Skies;
Yet now, on Earth, You are to be Inſtall'd
With more Tranſcendant Fame,
And Celebrated There by *ANNA*'s Brighter Name.

FINIS.